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The Power of Russia

IT IS evident by now that the preparations for the Russian offensive through Poland were thorough and adequate. We are inclined to discount those who expect this offensive at once to end the war against Germany, although military prophecy is notoriously dangerous, and this happy outcome is clearly within the range of possibility. But one thing in any case is demonstrated; that the suspicions of those who were telling us Stalin was out of the war were quite unjustified, as have been many suspicions concerning the duplicity of the Russian Government.

Aside from the military aspects of the events so rapidly unfolding across the great plain of east central Europe, one cannot help reflecting somewhat upon their political significance. No one can doubt that Russia will emerge from this war infinitely strengthened as a nation and as an attractive force in Europe. This is as much the result of our total lack of policy as it is the result of deliberate Russian intention. There are probably many aspects of American and English life and culture which are objectively more attractive to the European mind than are their Russian equivalents; England, by herself and because of her history, is in a bad position to act as a magnet; we could easily have done so had the machinery under which we conduct our foreign relations, as well as the men operating that machinery, been better suited to firm action and quick decision. Neither the machinery nor the men were adequate. Perhaps the central diplomatic mistake we have made so far is one to which attention has repeatedly been called in these columns. There is now little doubt that over two and a half years ago a settlement for Eastern Europe had been worked out between the English and the Russians. It was not a settlement to please everybody. That area is so interlaced with conflicting minorities that no settlement could be worked out to please everybody. But under it there was no Lublin Government; Lwow was probably conceded to Poland, and the boundaries of Russia's expansion were clearly stated. We absolutely refused to be party to any such settlement—indeed, to any settlement which affected boundary changes. The situation thus was left fluid and left at the mercy of power.

We might easily have foreseen that Russian military victory would produce a far less desirable settlement than that which Moscow was willing to accept in her hour of need. We certainly should have realized that to refuse to discuss the terms of a settlement at the hour of Russia's need was to fan the flames of that suspicion of the democracies which has so long warped and twisted Russian policy. And we were most foolish of all in not recognizing that a victorious Russia would acquire tremendous power of attraction.

And in reflecting on Russia's increased power of attraction, we must constantly remember that her system—which is a thoroughly totalitarian system—likewise possesses strong powers of repulsion in the rest of Europe and of the world. To the extent that her totalitarianism becomes nationalist, we may expect that there will be resistance to it. And to the extent that it becomes national, it is likely to become more tolerant of religious expression within Russia. Hence an increase in Russian nationalism would have profound repercussions and would lead to profound realignments. And in all this complex we must constantly reckon with the present poverty of life in Russia, coupled as it is with an immense potential wealth. The moral of these latter reflections is that we dare not over-simplify our judgment with respect to what is happening in Eastern Europe.

The Appointment of Henry Wallace

THERE were very quiet rumors some weeks ago concerning the probability of the President's appointing Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Commerce. Yet the secret was one of the best kept secrets of recent political history, and the effect of the President's public action was one of stunned surprise. This is unfortunate. Had the public and the Senate been somewhat more prepared for what took place, the reaction might well have been a

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great deal more friendly. As these lines are written, it is impossible to be sure of what the Senate actually will do. It may confirm Mr. Wallace's appointment as Secretary of Commerce but separate from his jurisdiction control over the great lending agencies of the government. Or it may reject his appointment altogether. Or it may confirm that appointment without changing the authority of his new post.

Shorn of control over the governmental lending agencies, the Secretaryship of Commerce is still potentially a major post. It could easily be made the spearhead of carrying out the sixty-million-job program—of national postwar planning. If the Secretaries of Commerce, Labor and Agriculture were to work as a team in this connection, they would be in a position definitely to mould our future economy. For they could bring pressure of the heaviest sort in the other agencies whose mandate it is to carry out programs. Yet obviously the shaping of our postwar economy would be much easier for a Secretary of Commerce who retained control over the lending agencies.

In the debate on this issue one thing must be borne in mind. Mr. Jesse Jones is a very able man who has done a good job. The RFC has been managed efficiently and has not lost money. No one has even dared to suggest that Mr. Jones has enriched himself by virtue of his official position. Therefore American liberals who have been loud in their denunciations of the former Secretary have done much to defeat their own cause, since members of the Senate are well aware that much of the liberal criticism of Mr. Jones is unfounded.

Where Mr. Jones is subject to criticism is on a philosophical rather than a technical level. He tends to play ball with monopoly; he really has little use for genuine free enterprise, his whole approach is that of a powerful private banker who hates competition like poison. Precisely an opposite philosophy can be attributed to Mr. Wallace. And it is on this basis that we like the Wallace appointment. From knowing the record and character of the man, we feel it safe to assume that he will work against monopoly, even against government monopoly—which can, under certain circumstances, be the most dangerous of all. We should not in the least fear Mr. Wallace as Secretary of Commerce even if he retains control over the lending agencies. But if this is politically impossible, we would be glad to have him as Secretary of Commerce.

Other Nations Are Deciding

LITTLE criticism has been leveled so far at the specific points of Senator Vandenberg's foreign policy program, which that member of the Foreign Relations Committee enunciated a good two weeks ago. The nation's press found in that Senate speech heartening evidence that isolationism was on its way out and the Congress would not obstruct full American participation in the peace. The Republicans were so struck by it that they have just indicated at their National Committee meeting at Indianapolis that the Vandenberg speech would serve as a basis for the party's foreign policy planks as they prepare another attempt at a comeback in the 1946 Congressional elections.

Both these points are well taken. Yet it is well to consider the Vandenberg program in the light of a question of greater urgency. We refer to the drastic reorganization of the American system of conducting foreign relations which we have been calling for in THE COMMONWEAL in recent weeks. We have ascribed our ineffectuality in the Polish and other matters not so much to State Department personnel as to a set-up long outworn. Perhaps the consistent American refusal to take up territorial and other vital questions until after the war—when the decisions will all have been made by others—does not so much reflect the wishes of President Roosevelt as it does America's inability under the present system to commit herself on any definite matters. Thus events are passing us by; the specific objectives for which we fight are modified by others. Instead of giving advice when negotiations are in process, the Senate has in practice come to act as a final board of censors. This has such a numbing effect upon State Department negotiators that they do not have enough assurance that their commitments will be ratified to deal with other representatives on equal terms. No wonder the political agreements which have been reached reflect American wishes so little.

Under these circumstances the very fact of the Vandenberg proposals points to a new type of collaboration between, say, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the State Department. Something along the line of the British system, where at any stage of international negotiations diplomatic representatives can be called before such a committee to answer questions and be instructed as to Parliamentary opinion. Then knowing that the Senate can be kept informed at every stage of an international agreement and having some idea as to the direction of Congressional opinion, American negotiators could act with the necessary assurance and despatch. There would be some chance of securing concessions to American popular opinion. It is to be hoped that the President will see in the Vandenberg speech something considerably more than a mere party maneuver. Too much is at stake for the United States to continue to attempt to deal with the other nations at so decided a disadvantage—or to let party or personal considerations or respect for outmoded institutions hold up our effective participation in the peace.

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The "Innocents"

ALL YOU have to do is to find some innocent Germans. And of course there are some innocent Germans and it would not be too difficult to find them. You could start looking for them among the children—along the roads, the homeless children, or perhaps they are already in institutions, or they have been in institutions but already they are again on the roads, homeless again. Or you could start looking for them among the women. Or certainly among the old men there would be innocent old men. In another sense, also among the insane. Or among the bibliophiles, the stamp collectors. There are innocents enough.

Only they are not the right kind; not a new kind; not the kind that can make an innocent Germany. They are the innocent who have always been in Germany and they always have been everywhere. In New Hampshire you would be on the road and you would ask a man the way to Nashua and he would smile and not be able to speak at all; again and again that is the way it would happen—in the course of a few summers that is the way it would happen quite often—and that would be a blameless innocence unless you wanted to blame intermarriage or disease. There are that kind in Germany, but there are also a great number of intelligent men and women who are as innocent of this war or of any other war as any American man or woman. And one might be able to find them but still they would not do. They might believe in democracy but still they would not do; they might have an ordinary or extraordinary or supernatural respect and love for their neighbor—for the Jew, the Russian, the Pole, the French, the British, the American—but still they would not do. Because the more innocent they are, the more simple, the more distressed, the more selfless, the less they are fitted to govern their country, the less they would even attempt to govern their country. That is, immediately. They are like the people all over the world who little by little will make human society a better society. In the long run. But not all of a sudden, or by revolution or by force. When defeat is so close to Germany they are not the people who can speak to the Russians or to the British or to us. They are just the people who suffer. They are patriotic; they are not pacifists; when they are called upon to fight for their country, they fight. Or if they are not in the armies they suffer the bombings; they are the last in the bread lines and when they reach the door of the bakery the distribution of bread has ceased. When their country is defeated they continue to suffer. They know that there is no escape from suffering but, when some one tells them that a wonderful new and patriotic way has been discovered to escape from it, they believe him and then they are in the army again, in a war again, and everything starts all over again.

In America, those are the kind of Germans we have been looking for and with whom at first we sought to speak. That is very much to our honor. But once we started to speak to them we found that we had nothing to say to them. Nothing effective to say to them. Because if we asked them to rise against Hitler they were not the kind of people who ever rise against any one. And if we told them that they were the kind of people we wished to see in democratic control of Germany they remembered Weimar, or they remembered the Germany before the war of 1914, and, as far back as they could remember, they could not see themselves in control of anything because there were always other people more ambitious and less innocent than themselves. After we had talked long enough about a democratic Germany we still believed in a democratic Germany but it became something for the future. And then it did not matter with whom we talked because the only thing we talked about was unconditional surrender. Any general would do, who could surrender the armies. Then there would be no Germany and then we would have only to protect the innocent, punish the criminal.

The deeper innocence is a quality a man has or has not. There is, however a political innocence a man may lose and regain. Through services rendered. No matter what he has done. If he changes his mind at the right moment. Or if what has always been in his mind, but concealed, is brought to light at the right moment. No matter what alternate policy he may have served.

If in the coming weeks there should appear armed partisans in Germany fighting to assist the Russian invasion then the Germans in these groups will have regained a political innocence. And if they are inspired and controlled by the Free Germany Committe in Russia then that Committee will have achieved a political innocence—and subsequently, the right to govern. If at the moment of German defeat there should be a great number of German officers who entrust the salvation of their country to the political wisdom and patriotism of General von Paulus of the Free Germany Committee in Russia and who, in consequence, surrender to the Russians or assist them, then all these officers and the men they command will have achieved a fresh and clean political innocence—and subsequently, the right to serve a new German Government. These are the new "innocents." Self made. The old ones were born innocent and those of them in the army who surrender to our troops will be as politically guilty as ever. They will obtain nothing for their country by surrender. The new "innocents," in turning to Russia, may hope that they are saving their country's national existence. C. G. PAULDING.

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The Powers of Life

A note on Andre Malraux's latest novel, "Struggle with the Angel"

Roger Caillois

The great French novelist, André Malraux, has been an active and prominent figure in the French Resistance Movement, fighting and risking his life. His latest novel, "La Lutte ave l'Ange" was published in Switzerland. A typewritten copy of this novel reached Roger Caillois in Buenos Aires and it is from the Argentine that comes to America Mr. Caillois's deeply moving commentary. In wartime these are the curious circumstances of literary production.—THE EDITORS.

THERE is a simple plot to André Malraux's last novel. In 1940 an Alsatian finds himself in one of the improvised prison camps in which the German conquerors had hastily collected the immense multitude of their prisoners. He thinks about his father who in the other war fought with those forces which today are enemy forces. He looks at his guards; in the other war his father wore their uniform. Subsequent chapters in the book recall the most important moments in the life of that father: "his meetings with man." We follow him to Turkey where, a friend, confidant and collaborator of Enver-Pasha, he comes to feel, although acting in support of the interests of the Reich, a zealous love for the resurrection of a phantomatic Ottoman Empire, a love similar to that felt a few years later by T. E. Lawrence, the British agent, for the creation of an Arabian Empire. Then, just before the outburst of 1914, we find him back in Alsace in the midst of his family, surrounded by most distinguished guests, great names of European intellect and science, discussing the value of art and the destiny of man. Finally, he is on the Russian Front, a distressed witness of one of the first gas attacks, speechless and with no reaction of any sort in the face of this new and terrible method of destruction which seems not to attack man alone but even nature and the very sources of life itself. The poison rots man's flesh, kills all plants, corrupts, makes pale, decomposes all substance, leaving intact only the shape which the substance has assumed, in such a way that, fragile and livid, shape and form wait only to be touched by the lightest breath and then they crumble suddenly and melt into disgusting mud, losing instantaneously what they still retained of the semblance of having once been a healthy and living thing. Stricken with panic by a success so excessive that it horrifies them, the Germans of a common accord and without a word having been spoken, compelled to compassion by their horror, throw down their arms and vainly attempt to save those few Russians in whom some slight existence most tenaciously still attempts to survive.

The last chapter in this work returns the reader to 1940. This time it is of himself and not of his father that the hero is thinking, and the present war which, twenty years after the other, has come to renew the slaughter. He sees again an attack in which he took part as a driver of a tank. The heavy tank had fallen into a trap, and its crew, for minutes which have no human measure, had awaited, defenseless, a death most assuredly inevitable; when the shell would reach them which would put an end to the trapped machine. Each time between the sound of the firing and the bursting of the shell the doomed men counted those seconds which they thought must be their last. A miracle saved them: the position of the tank trap had not been accurately plotted by the enemy artillery. They managed to get the tank out of the trap and, still dazed, they reached a deserted village. The book comes to its end with the discovery of life made by these men, the discovery of the power and the beauty of life made by men who were convinced that they were about to lose it.

The defects of such a book are evident; a sequence of disconnected scenes do not make a novel, even if they all subtly concur in giving the book its value as a demonstration. Complicated, abstract discussions, too intelligent and in too slight a relation with the plot and tone of the story, break the feeling of unity. They have an appearance of coming from somewhere else, of being introduced only to satisfy some sort of imperative desire on the part of the author to prove his ability at philosophizing—an ability, in this case, not exceptional. Above all, they are out of pitch in a book which is all emotion and intensity. They bring an intruding and embarrassing element of logomachy into a book in which that exceptional dramatic awareness, which Malraux seems naturally to possess of the permanent elements in man's condition, and which is almost constantly

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served by the resources of a very great art, never ceases to touch the heart and compel the mind's attention.

One fully understands, and applauds, the fact that the author, at the very moment of actual armed combat in dark and hidden underground warfare, at a moment in which he takes his own full share in action and responsibility, should have thought it his duty to suggest that if the citizen is totally implicated in the struggle, there is, also, in mankind, in every man, a high intelligence which must not lose its serenity, which is not affected by the clash of national wars, and which must not take any too naïve a position as to the quarrels of nations. It is a rare and admirable thing to find so great a liberty accompanying so high a degree of dedication to a cause. For these virtues of liberty and dedication, customarily, do not live happily the one with the other. Men who are sceptical, or men who are scrupulous, have no difficulty in recognizing the merits of their adversaries, yet such men at the same time are apt also to doubt the absolute value of the cause they defend. For if the enemy is acting in good faith, and if such men also are acting in good faith, then would it not be better to come to an understanding rather than to kill one another? To this attitude there always are added the snares laid by cowardice. A lack of courage easily persuades one that all causes are as good the one as the other, and that no one of them is so completely and indisputably pure that human lives should be risked to defend it. And a man for whom impartiality consists in always abstaining from judging, in dismissing both plaintiff and defendant, stays in this attitude of reserve less because of a real anxiety for justice, than because he fears that he might be compelled to expose himself to danger in defense of one side—no matter which side—should he declare it his own. On the other hand, the brave and the bold who take on a personal risk can rarely imagine that they are doing so for any base motive. Holy is the cause they champion—for the simple reason that they give to it that which is dearest to them, and even their lives. What more eloquent proof can be required that they fight in a just cause? They are fighting, and their heroism, through an illusion which it is difficult to avoid, seems to them to guarantee immediately the excellence of their cause. They measure that excellence against the extent of the sacrifices they voluntarily make to it. And thus they become incapable of seeing events and men in any true perspective; in the enemy they see a criminal whose projects of necessity are infamous and despicable; they do not consider the fact that he is as brave as they are, and that, following their own reasoning (if the way they think can be called an act of reason) this bravery makes sacred for the enemy the cause which he supports, and justifies the excesses which he commits in order to bring it to triumph. They are unwilling to see anything or to hear anything. They think it would be a betrayal if they placed themselves, in thought and for a moment, in their adversaries' minds.

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Such is the ordinary position taken by the men who fight. Those who keep their freedom of judgment can only discover in that freedom counsels of abstention, together with a false and lazy idea of justice; thus they remove that which is most valuable in the pure and good values which they seek to preserve; thus they save their freedom and make no use of it. As for the others, those whom one finds in the very heart of combat, they fight, certainly, yet as blind men fight, for proudly they have abdicated the most precious power, that of being able to place a distance between oneself and one's conscience, to make the effort to contemplate both oneself and one's enemy with the serenity of an immortal being.

Malraux has shown that one can take one's position in the fight and yet remain free. In his uniform, in the trenches, himself fighting, he remembered that man is identical in all the armies which face each other. And that if there be a difference between the combatants, it does not come from their flags, or from frontiers, or from the accident of birth, or even from the enthusiasm with which a man defends a cause—which perhaps would not be so defensible if he did not defend it with such extreme ardor. The only difference there can be comes from the detachment that a man may preserve, or not preserve, who has deliberately chosen to take part in a war, a detachment, a freedom of mind, at the moment of sacrifice and danger; the intimate consent that a man can give, or refuse, to war, and to its degrading requirements. "Ah!" cries the hero in "Struggle with the Angel," at a moment when in a still tranquil countryside his tank starts rolling toward the enemy lines, "Ah, may victory come to those who have fought the war without loving it."

And so a common human and concealed measure continues to unite, in spite of themselves, those whom everything else hurls against each other. Malraux sought to show that they are living men, suffering and interchangeable, these soldiers who but a day before did not think that they would be destined to so fearful a struggle, and whom a declaration of war hurled one fine day against unknown men with the order to kill them and hate them.

This tragic situation is one which remains horrible no matter what justification may be given for its existence, and the author seems to have set himself the task of making evident to what extent this situation is at once banal and mon-

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strous. It is a decision in which he has but a small share which transforms the man into the warrior. He had no choice. His only action was in not refusing. He finds himself caught in so dense a network of duties that not only is it impossible for him to break free, but impossible even to imagine that there might be the possibility to break free, or the right to break free. There is, in this adventure in which life itself continually is in peril, something mechanical and hurried which deprives the individual of the use of his freedom and which paralyzes his capacity to think. No doubt it is to emphasize the small rôle played by man's will in these grave moments that Malraux shows us Alsatians. For these characters of his, at the distance of only one generation, through the interplay of victory and defeat, answer quite simply and mechanically to the call of their country—a different country for the father and the son—and they find themselves fighting in opposite camps. Even the name of the characters is in itself ambiguous. Berger is a name which, according to the manner in which it is pronounced, becomes a French name or a German name, and in both cases it is so common a name that one feels that it is, in a way, anonymous. Yet Malraux does not emphasize this device of his; and he does not seem to be aware that his heroes, when answering the call to the colors—those borne by another army than that in which their fathers served—may have found such a change in the workings of fate most strange. These Alsatian soldiers serving France do not even seem to think about it.

In real life things do not ordinarily take place in so blissful an unconsciousness. A man fights for his country, and it is true that he does so without much self-questioning, but it is not true in a case when he finds himself between two enemy nations, and faced with the necessity, the anguish, of having to make up his mind in favor of one or the other. Unless of course we are talking of mercenaries for whom a war is a profession or a pleasure. But Malraux is not talking about mercenaries. His characters are gentlemen farmers as profoundly attached to their ancestral homes as they are to the landscape which surrounds them and which their labor in part has shaped. These men are known and respected in the village in which they seem always to have lived. They place their pride in not betraying the traditions of their race. None more than they, assuredly, will preserve more strictly the various fidelities which can enchain the heart of men, established in a corner of the earth for longer than memory can tell, living there in the midst of beings as deeply rooted as themselves, and with whom they are inseparably bound by everything. It is not true to life that for men of this kind the problem should never have arisen of knowing for which side they would take up arms. It is not possible even if they accepted without reflection the abnormal fate provided them by history, that they should naïvely have put on uniforms which, for the men of their family, and only yesterday, were the uniforms worn by the enemy.

Doubtless in order to give a greater sense of discretion, and also more strength to his thesis, Malraux did not face this difficulty. He chose an extreme and exceptional case to make his point, but after he had chosen it he did not consider it necessary to take into account its extreme and exceptional character. Yet it would have been necessary for him to do so for, if it is true that a man may come to be conscripted in one army or in another through the arbitrary decision of fate, and without his even thinking of discussing the matter, it is also true that this submission cannot be assumed automatically when a fluctuating frontier line forces a father and his son to serve in opposite camps. It is to be doubted therefore if the principal strength of this book resides in a demonstration where the principle itself is thus distorted from the start. For that matter, Malraux never attempts to prove his thesis directly and openly. It would seem as if he wished to have it admitted by the reader almost unconsciously, as if the reader made a discovery so strongly joined to the essential of man's condition, that everything else, everything related to a particular circumstance, became immediately accessory, distant, in a dim light.

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In every phase of this story there is an insistent recall of man's peculiar privilege in the order of creation: he is "the only animal which knows it must die." Whispered or proclaimed, this theme which is ceaselessly recurrent under one form or another, reappears as an obsession. The characters in the book have it ever present in their minds whether they are discussing the ultimate end of art, or are risking their life on some battlefield. That is because there is no escape from a thought of this kind. All existence is altered and affected by it. "Perhaps it is poisoned, even at the source, this joy which was given to the only animal which knows itself not to be eternal." Yet this malediction makes the grandeur of the very being on which it weighs. Man's anguish urges him to flee in whatever manner possible the annihilation which lies in store for him. Will he be incapable of creating anything that can survive this corpse which he knows engaged and promised to tomorrow's dust? It is thus that are conceived the most noble enterprises; thus are fashioned the pure and marvelous works of man and everything of which a civilization is composed. Here paradoxically, the certainty of death is the spur to human effort. And as for death itself, how powerless death remains in contrast with the vigor and

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tenacity of life. For life continues in the very midst of ruins accumulated by the massacres of war and the fury of destruction. The blade of grass pierces the rubble, chickens peck in the deserted barn, the morning which rises over the devastated countryside affirms that life is stubborn, unveils once again the only secret which, after all, "would not have been more moving even if man were immortal": the miracle—of life.

That is why, I feel, this first part of the novel reaches its climax with the dazzling revelation, felt by these few men who have escaped death, of a prodigy—that of life—which previously—when life was habitual—they had not been able to perceive. They were insensitive to it because it had been customary and continual. But the threat of death, at last making them fear that it might be shattered and its continuity interrupted, suddenly disclosed its irreplaceable splendor, and then, for these men incredibly saved from death, every material object itself seemed to take up the limpid song of the poet celebrating " . . . this simple thing alone, here, this simple thing of being here with the day unfolding."

For the first time life appears truly in its reality, as it is: the daily presence on which all other presences depend, even those which wound it.

Never has Malraux's art been so happy and convincing. He has lost nothing of his customary intensity, but he also seems to have taken his stand for the values of life, and, so to speak, to have joined in the feeling of the world. He has no longer any tolerance for that perverse hatred which turns against the simple order of the universe. Something very great and calm gives him a new and admirable solemnity, to which his previous novels, feverish and rebellious, rarely reached. Sharing in an error which was then very widespread, Malraux seemed formerly to think that the impure sources of lust and cruelty were directly connected with a sort of underground lake beyond which nothing at all existed. In those days a strange illusion assimilated depth and baseness. And everything was considered either superficial, or fragile, or hypocritical, which did not correspond with some sinister and criminal instinct. Alas, too many events now have come to prove that nothing is easier or more vulgar than cruelty and lust. The depths, so recently thought unsoundable, now are within reach of any hand. Whoever yields plunges into them immediately, effortlessly. One touches bottom very quickly; the fruitfulness of these depths proves to be no more than unhappy. As for so many other men, these times of ours have led Malraux to repudiate that fatal attraction which teaches that only evil and only death are inexhaustible. Life is more inexhaustible than death, and still more primitive than death, life with all it promises of joy and discipline and brotherhood; and inexhaustible too are the works of man building upward toward a sky, a heaven, against which the powers of Hell shall not prevail. The attack of evil may threaten necessarily fragile conquests, but at the same time the attack makes man conscious of the values he builds and defends. Faced with the anguish and the anxiety of seeing them disappear, we learn that they are irreplaceable, we discover that they constituted neither a luxury nor an error, that, on the contrary, legitimately, they gave broader scope to that life which is at the origin of all things and which is anterior even to the forces of destruction. The fury of these latter is in vain against that other and more elemental force in which even they are obliged to nourish their bitterness and their appetite.

And so those who know that they are nothing more than animals doomed to perish are not victims of any illusion, and they are not presumptuous when they entertain ambitions which seem forbidden to their limited nature. They are right when they refuse to consider fear and avidity to be the supreme truth. These two emotions may exercise upon an ardent heart that certain fascination always present in energies which, without scruples and uncontrollably, obey a harsh law. For they alone seem to be consistently related to themselves and thus are capable of satisfying a soul which seeks the absolute and which despairs of reaching the absolute in any other way save through these forbidden paths. All other paths appear corrupted in their origin through some inevitable mixture of good and evil, and they disappoint the man who pursues the utmost purity. And so it is that he sees this purity only in evil. And yet, beyond those energies which are most purely evil-doing and negative, there resides a confident and generous element which envelopes them in turn. This element is as it were a manifestation of love, a sovereign power which permits every perversity to appear as if it were the turning against itself of an innocent force. Until death, and then that which truly has been called a "shallow and calumniated brook" is reabsorbed in a deeper current, and admits that the somber light with which it shone is a borrowed light and a deceitful light.

It has been said too often that the artist necessarily is on Satan's side. At the service of a higher and decisive majesty the artist does not impoverish his art. He gives it a new density. He does not deceive himself. On the contrary he has seen and known everything. Everything falls into its proper rank, and Satan himself takes his proper rank, in a broader universe, a universe which is more ample than the other and more true, which is completely infused with the essential sap of life. Such has been Malraux's experience and such, it has seemed to me, is the central meaning of his most recent testimony.

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Postwar Auto Exports

HAVILAND F. REVES

THE GROWING hope of a great foreign market for American cars in the immediate postwar years is likely to prove at best an illusion, at worst an aspiration which will tragically embitter international relations. Sound thinking today may enable a great industry, at a critical point in its still brief history, to choose what is ultimately its most profitable channel of peacetime development.

What the automobile industry does is of prime importance to the entire American economy. During the past forty years, it has risen to a position of industrial leadership and become the pacemaker of our national standard of living. Our aggregate of industrial employment, wage scales, and habits of consumer spending have been revolutionized within a lifetime, largely by the organization and product of this one industry.

Today, for technological reasons, many question the future of the automobile—but without good reason. The most serious threat appears to be the development of the small private airplane to be sold in volume at low cost. However, cost factors are likely to prevent any such future development from gaining much foothold in the field of the low cost vehicle—low both in original cost and in operation—where the auto industry has found its greatest popular market. And if a low-priced plane or a roadable plane does become an economic possibility within a few years, the auto industry will certainly be able to meet the challenge and produce, in existing or new plants, an output that will meet the demand, just as they have revolutionized their production for war purposes.

Since this industry will be looked to as the leader in maintaining full employment in the postwar period, it must plan marketing now. Foreign markets, like distant pastures, seem inviting, and, in the past, they have been profitable for American car manufacturers. The names of our principal cars are familiar the world over. But they have never sold in volume comparable to the population of other countries. That fact is not a measure of past failure of our car exporters, but of the future market that may be developed for manufactures, if the living standards of other parts of the world could be raised to the equivalent of our own.

That is the key to a long-term program for the industry—the ultimate development of a great automobile market in all suitable countries. The world-wide distribution of American automotive products by our armed forces and by lend-lease will make that demand all the more active. But it will not be possible to tap this market until the average individual income in other countries is raised.

The economic development of other countries —take China with its great population as typical —means their industrialization—and ultimately the production of consumer products, except specialties, in each major production area of the world. In sober fact, that means that if China were ever to approximate the degree of automotive use current in the United States, China would produce her own cars. The development of foreign markets through industrial exports leads ultimately to the demand for local production of suitable industrial products, and the cutting off of export trade in such products.

Given a suitable local market, automobiles could be as suitably produced, from the economic standpoint, in many other centers as at Detroit or Oxford. Quality cars and specialized cars will always have an ability to compete in the export field, but the mass production car may most ideally be produced nearer to home. This is illustrated in a small way by the very phrase "F. O. B. Detroit," which has meant a higher market value for cars in New York or Los Angeles than at the point of manufacture, a differential that has normally carried clear down to the junk car market.

The distant perspective, then, is for a limited foreign market for car manufacturing, sometime in the future. This corresponds to the "saturation point" of the market that had the industry perplexed at different times in the past quarter century. The industry has been fortunate in enjoying an almost constantly expanding market throughout its history. It may ultimately reach a period of stability, unless new technical developments cause a further era of expansion—a probability we may expect with typical American ingenuity at work. After all, the annual development of new models was an answer to this situation upon a smaller scale.

If the possibility of the market ultimately becoming more static is taken too seriously, it can discourage initiative; but the short-term viewpoint is more important today. Compare the industry's view of its own future in 1939, or even 1941, with the realities of today. There was even a sense of tragedy when "the last automobile" rolled off the production line in 1942, but quick adaptation to the immediate market—which was war—has once again proved the resourcefulness of a youthful industry. In the years right after the war, there will be opportunity for full employment if the full losses of the war are to be restored. How this is to be financed will be a matter of national and international concern, and business leaders owe it to their position of leadership to see that the right decisions are implemented.

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Unrestricted competition for the postwar foreign markets can only lead to bitterness. Most countries, including our own, will have a heavy domestic task to make up for the destruction and deprivations of the war. While some system of international priorities will certainly be needed to assign exports where they are most essentially needed, the concern of the average person will be first for the restoration of normal living at home.

Here the auto industry has its opportunity and its duty. It will be devoted primarily to restoration of the usual American standard of living, perhaps to raising it somewhat above prewar standards. That task will require years. A recent estimate by the Detroit Board of Commerce was that 34,000,000 cars would be required after the war to replace prewar models, with a grand total of 65,000,000 to take care of the American domestic market in the ten years after the war. This indicates a production for ten years of nearly double that of the highest prewar years. With such a great domestic market, caused primarily by the production holiday during the war, the industry could profitably forget about export business for a decade, except for a relatively few specialized types of vehicles, and a possible minimum production designed to maintain American prestige abroad.

But the rest of the world will need cars which most countries will not be in a position to produce for some years. Here, the current bid of British automotive manufacturers for postwar exports fits neatly into the situation. England's future is vital to our national safety, as we learned when her fleet was our national protection in the earlier days of the war. We all know that a changed England is developing out of this war. Whatever her internal political situation may become, England must depend greatly upon exports of manufactures if she is to remain a great nation.

Recent reports from England indicate that political and business leaders there look to the British automobile industry to play a great part in the rehabilitation of the country. They are thinking, not alone of the domestic market, but of exports as well. Here is a field in which there has been relatively little prewar international competition in most classes of vehicles. British cars have been developed typically with smaller engines than American cars, because of automotive tax structure there. Therefore, our product has won wide favor in the general export field, compared to the restricted appeal of British cars. Some changes are being made, tentatively, in the tax on cars, but it still is designed to favor the car with a smaller engine or weight. Discussion of the proposed changes indicates, however, that a radical revision of taxation may come out of the present situation, that will allow the production of a car engineered to a given standard of performance rather than a certain tax class.

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The basic trouble with the development of car use in Great Britain, and at the same time the gravest handicap in the export market for British manufacturers, has been the higher cost of cars, compared to American cars. This ran around 40 per cent before the war—enough of a difference to remove British cars from effective international competition in most markets, regardless of other factors. In the British domestic market, cars remained in the luxury class, and the mass market was never tapped.

Higher costs of production accounted for the price differential, plus some marked differences in selling methods as well. The production costs of car parts were higher all along the line, in varying degrees, a factor brought out by *The Manchester Guardian* in a recently published table showing in percentage terms the excess of British over American costs:

Steering wheel	81.7	Malleable iron castings	50.0
Starter	79.2	Crankshaft	127.5
Distributor	26.7	Hot rolled 1 p.c. nickel-chrome bars	44.7
Coil	16.6		
Carburetor	31.1		
Steel body sheets	55.6		

The differential is down to relatively minor percentages in some instances, indicating that on some types of parts it can be brought still lower.

The English auto industry is seeking the reason for these higher costs, and the solution to them. In general, it did not lie in labor costs, since English labor rates in automobile factories were about one-half of those prevailing in American plants before the war. Nor is it likely to lie in inefficiency of workmanship, in view of the acknowledged skill of British craftsmen, put to such a rugged test with new employees in war production.

The British are coming to the conclusion that American mass production is the secret of our lower costs—a conclusion that is probably instinctive with us now, on this side of the ocean. It seems to come with the force of novelty to them, however. The reasons for the difference between British and American auto production, and the remedy to be sought were epitomized by an anonymous "steel manufacturer" in a letter to the *Guardian*—:

"The American home market is so vast that each of the numerous producers of motor-cars can manufacture economically. The cure would appear to lie in the form of rationalisation within the motor industry itself."

In other words, the American industry's development of mass production methods in competitive plants has been possible because our expanding domestic demand for cars has kept pace with

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production growth. Further, that very competition has stimulated growth.

All indications, however, point toward a solution in a different form in Great Britain after the war. "Rationalisation" commonly implies cartelization, and that is the probable line of development that will greatly strengthen the British industry. While there is a popular sentiment against "trusts" or "big business" in this country, that sentiment is far from being so widespread in England. Perhaps different historical and economic trends account for the difference, but it certainly exists, and there has been a strong trend toward cartels or monopolies in the British economy, at least since the end of World War I. It has not been notably important in the automobile field, but it is very likely to be the choice of the country after this war.

A unified motor industry in Britain would mean the development of volume of production that should reduce production costs to roughly the level of our own. The British domestic market for cars could then be indefinitely expanded, and, of course, that country would not then be an important market for our similar types of cars. But the prime interest of the British in rationalisation of the industry lies in the effect upon their export trade. If they can reduce costs so as to make their auto production an important competitive factor in the international market, they will bolster the national economy through the one industry that, judging from our own country's experience, is probably the most capable of that function. A cartelized British industry would be a competitor worthy of our great American manufacturers. If some degree of national subsidy were added to this development, it would give a further advantage in international competition. Such an indirect subsidy is possible in many ways in the encouragement of car production for export rather than primarily for the home market.

American car production for export has never been a relatively important part of the industry's volume. It may often have been especially profitable and enticing; but, with the great market that will be wide open right inside this country within the next several years after the war, the American industry could make the noble gesture of surrendering the foreign market, save in exceptional instances, for a certain number of years, at comparatively little sacrifice. For the reconstruction period, this would serve greatly to repair the dangerously strained British economy, and indirectly strengthen our own. At the end of the reconstruction, it will be time to reconsider the situation in the light of developments up to that time.

One other line of development that is possible is the establishment of national "branch factories" in each major foreign market, wholly or partly controlled by our own major producers—an extension of the situation long typical of the Canadian field. This would have the advantage of preserving the values of American trade names in foreign markets, but it is unlikely that many foreign countries would permanently welcome foreign capital in control of their domestic factories. Some compromise may be worked out here by industrial initiative, however, because the prestige value of the great American car names in foreign markets will probably remain high. It is likely that even a socialist-minded government of some countries would be receptive to the idea of utilizing the value of these names, and advice, in return for a merely minority or royalty interest by the American company in the foreign producer. That is, however, more properly a part of the long-range development.

For the immediate future, our wisest national course appears to be a decision self-denying in appearance to concentrate for the reconstruction period upon production for the domestic market to maintain our own higher standard of living, and to leave the bulk of the export trade to the British for that period, to allow recovery of their national economy.

The Stage & Screen

Midseason Unjumble

THE USUAL January jeremiad—snow and the staggers—seeming to have hit the entire town as well as this column (and to say nothing of the certainly odd doings of the editors of the journal itself) I think it would be a good idea to include the past two or three weeks in one brief review.

I was anxious to give further notice to John Patrick's "The Hasty Hearty," now running serenely to packed houses at the Hudson. The play is, I think, skillfully written. Establishing its conflict in the first scene—a young doomed Scottish soldier is moved into a military hospital ward peopled by various convalescent soldiers from the Burma front, and proves himself almost dour enough completely to frustrate their efforts to gladden his last days—it pulls roars and tears from its public in nicely adjusted sequences. Unfortunately, the thing bogs down to a feeble pictorial finish, so sentimental as to seem psychologically silly: but in the meantime, I thought the performances excellent enough to rear the whole thing into a satisfying emotional experience. Richard Basehart, in the lead, is an amazing surprise. With little experience behind him, he handles the difficult rôle of the difficult Scot with finesse, and not once does his accent falter. John Lund, John Campbell, and Douglas Chandler as assorted allied Servicemen are equally moving. I am less certain about Anne Burr, the only feminine portion, in the rôle of a young Nurse. Perfectly competent as well

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as extremely pretty, I can find little else to say about her. Her voice appears to be a paler reflection of Margaret Sullavan's husky arrangement, and she plays it rather too hard. Also, she has a disconcerting mannerism of rolling her eyes at the house every time she turns round which, as she is on-stage with certainly five of the most singularly attractive young men, seems somewhat vague. Bretaigne Windust's direction is unobtrusive and exact.

Tickets for two recent productions, "A Lady Says Yes" and "Good Night Ladies," not having been offered me, I can only assume that the producers, the Messrs. Shubert, and Howard Lang judged the burlesquerie to have little interest for readers of this magazine. I may add, however, by way of information, that the dailies were unanimously luke in their appraisal of the doings.

"Rebecca" is a peculiar case. There is no question of course that a good play can be and should be played and re-played through generations of actors and audiences. It is typical of the nadir to which our theater has fallen that there is no place reserved for this activity—that heroic ventures such as the Civic Repertory and the Federal Theater were left unsupported. It is also typical to see produced on the street a dramatic adaptation of a best-selling and widely promoted novel which was first adapted as a best-selling and widely promoted movie. In sum, this cannot be called a play at all. Out of the welter of commercial angles provided by the original "book" evidently somebody thought of having the author pull together a play-script which, as performed, provides neither good nor absorbing theater. Recently, in his column "Books Into Films" in the *Publisher's Weekly,* Richard Mealand figured thirteen different ways in which full exploitation of the revenue possibilities of a best-selling novel could be accomplished. Among these were dramatization for stage and screen, plus radio and television versions. A glance at a newspaper checklist will show that out of nineteen straight plays running at present, eight are adaptations from "books," and this of course does not include the many which have opened and closed. The entertainment industry is rapidly becoming a field for novelists and play-doctors and since there are always extenuating circumstances in the business of adapting one form from another, one finds a good number of hits are running in spite of constructional deficiences rather than because of constructional excellence. I wish someone would get hold of those five chimpanzees and plant them in front of their five typewriters immediately so that in fifty years or so, we might have (as undoubtedly we shall not have) a written play. The promotional excitements of such a scheme would be, I should think, enormous and cheap, and in the end, one might be able to attend a performance of a composition portraying life by means of dialogue and action and designed to fulfill *and* to enlarge the possibilities of the stage.

A modernization (by forty years anyway), rather than an adaptation of the delightful Offenbach-Meilhac-Halévy Operetta, "La Vie Parisienne" at the City Center constituted for me one of the saddest disappointments of the season so far. Sung in English (I think), considerably and stupidly re-fanged as to story, shabbily and taste-

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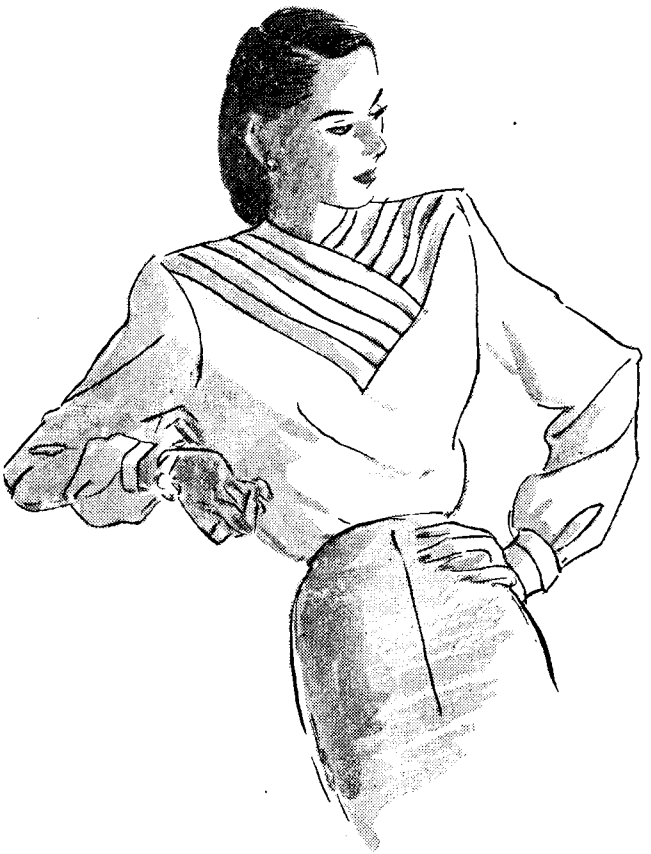

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lessly set by Richard Ruchtarik and hideously costumed by Ladislas Czettel, only the music came through with any degree of clarity and wit. I could not, for instance, understand the introduction of the fate of a race-horse into the proceedings at all, unless as an added confusion, and the entire deletion of the character of Alfred, the head-waiter, seemed incomprehensible. But by far the worst jangle was caused by the lyrics of Marian Farquhar. I do not honestly believe that this kind of French can be translated. The speed and delicacy of the actual sounds of the original words—so exactly matched to the rapid tempo of the music—simply will not transfer; and what you get in English (even in plain English which this was not) is an enormous number of mouth-filling lines which are so difficult to sing and so exhausting that the singers must remain almost entirely static, a situation which is not only dull but certainly not in accordance with the demands of the story. It seems to me some re-arrangement should have been possible whereby only one or two verses and choruses of each song could have been rhymed and the rest taken up with some appropriate miming and action. But here, even the supernumeraries—waiters and so on—were occupied only with standing about. There were no little dances, or steps; some bad ballet was astonishingly supplied by Leonide Massine; and all this to the gayest, most witty music in the world. Certainly the direction of Ralph Herbert missed everything. Among players, some of the voices appeared to be thoroughly trained, but there was not one outstanding personality, and I must say that Brian Lawrence's stock Irish attack on his part of Gardefeu seemed a little complex. Why not, I wonder, have produced the original version in its original language in its original period? Or did someone decide that this kind of universal wit, satire, and hilarity was beyond the grasp of the American public?

KAPPO PHELAN.

Two Plays Into Films

HOLLYWOOD, in searching for material for the four hundred films it grinds out yearly, frequently turns to the theatrical and literary fields for its sources. This kind of borrowing no doubt meets with everyone's approval, for no one would expect all the Hollywood products to be made from original scripts. But one has a right to expect, when a movie is made from a book or a play, that the story and themes be told in cinematic terms. There is little point, except that films reach more people, in transcribing from one medium to the motion picture unless the new version uses movie technique advantageously and adds something to the original.

When I saw *"Tomorrow, the World!"* on the stage, I was impressed by the fine acting of the cast and the subtle simplicity of the play by James Gow and Arnaud D'Usseau. The whole seemed to have the essence of Ibsenism as it told (in a single American living-room set) the story of a nazi boy who almost succeeded in destroying a family before he was shown the errors of his nazi training. The greater part of the action took place off-stage, and the talk on stage was realistic and convincing. Now, in the movie version we see most of this action that occurs at school and outside of the house. Although Scriptwriters Ring Lardner, Jr. and Leopold Atlas were faithful to the content and meaning of the original play, the film is too much like a hopped-up melodrama. It is difficult to take nazi Emil seriously or believe that his naive American relatives would be so off-guard with a youngster they knew to be trained by barbarians. Furthermore, once the boy is definitely established as a monster (he tries to kill his girl cousin who saw him rifle her father's desk) it is impossible to believe in his conversion. The failure of the movie as a movie is due mainly to Leslie Fenton who directed his cast (a good one that includes Betty Field, Fredric March, Agnes Moorehead, Joan Carroll) in theatrical rather than cinema technique. The actors do too much standing around and talking; the camera tells too little of the story. Skippy Homeier, who gave such an outstanding personification of evil on the stage, gives practically the same performance before the camera; but Director Fenton forgot that photography which sees everything would show up the demoniac Emil more as a burlesque of nazi education than as a true product of a debased system. In spite of the fact that "Tomorrow, the World!" is really a filmed play and not a true movie, in spite of the fact that it tells a single instance and tells that inconclusively, I believe Lester Cowan deserves credit for his production and that his picture should be seen for its provocative argument. The movie makes clear that Emil's is not just a case of maladjustment. Emil is perfectly adjusted to naziism and our problem will soon be: what to do with all the Emils in Germany? How will they be re-educated? While "Tomorrow, the World!" doesn't answer the question, it does succeed in making us ponder the problem.

"Guest in the House" is another film based on a stage play dealing with a visitor who almost destroys a family. But in this case, the director, John Brahm, uses cinema so well and he is aided so effectively by the excellent photography of Lee Garmes that I was quite impressed by the movie and almost taken in by the terrifying story. It was only when I got away from the spell of Hunt Stromberg's fascinating production, which is outstanding in all departments, and I analyzed the motivation of the characters, that I realized the many false premises on which this exciting film is based. A young doctor, very much in love with one of his patients, brings his neurotic fiancée into the bosom of his family hoping that their carefree and healthy normal living in the house by the sea will cure her weak heart and unbalanced mind. Things work out much differently. The girl, a sadistic nymphomaniac, lays a plan as evil as nazi Emil's and goes about wrecking the happy household. She soon discards the doctor, makes a play for his brother, hopes to become mistress of the house. Step by step she poisons the minds of the Proctor family. As she approaches her goals she comes to grips with Aunt Martha who knows the girl's weakness and allows her to go berserk and throw herself into the sea. Elliot Paul made the adaptation from Hagar Wilde's and Dale Eunson's play, and Ketti Frings wrote the script. I was held spell-bound by this frightening movie. Its acting is superb. Ann Baxter plays

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the vicious girl with disarming simplicity and with full understanding of the evil implications. Her victims and opponents are effectvely portrayed by Aline MacMahon, Ralph Bellamy, Ruth Warrick, Jerome Cowan, Percy Kilbride, Margaret Hamilton, Connie Lair. While you're watching the film, "Guest in the House" will hypnotize you with its well acted, absorbing story; but when you get away and think it over, you wonder: why wasn't this psychopathic case in an asylum where she belonged, why wouldn't these good Proctors have more faith in each other instead of falling for the girl's insidious lies, what right did Aunt Martha have in allowing the girl (even if she was evil or insane) to commit suicide? The film does not condone Aunt Martha's actions, but leaves you to believe there was no other way out. So, if you go to see this unhealthy little study in mental macabre, accept its vivid imagery while you're in the theater, but sweep your mind clean later.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Auden's Tennyson

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

AUDEN'S *Tennyson** is the perfect schoolboy's revenge. All those old warhorses *we* were saddled with at fourteen have been let out to graze in the lean pastures of complete editions and annotated textbooks. No longer need "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Sir Galahad," "Enoch Arden" and "Idylls of the King" give younger generations an all but permanent distaste for poetry.

In his selections Auden has done an excellent job of leaving out the ludicrous. He has had to include "Locksley Hall," which Thurber did such a deadly job of illustrating. But it would be impossible to leave out *all* the laughable in Tennyson, it is often so bound up with what is best. Perhaps no other poetry before T. S. Eliot's is quite so full of "the tears of things"; certainly few great poets' tears have come quite so close to other people's laughter. Tennyson's genius did not include Eliot's gifts as a critic, especially of himself. As Auden puts it in a kaleidoscopically impressive Introduction: "he had the finest ear, perhaps, of any English poet; he was also undoubtedly the stupidest; there was little about melancholia that he didn't know; there was little else that he did."

It is a real contribution to Tennyson, as to his public, to have so patiently disentangled the two strands of humor and of music. There are a few things I might wish Auden had included: the Owl songs, with their marvelous reiterations (although they *are* Shakespearean exercises); "The Sisters," a true period-piece ballad with the wonderful line: "He looked so grand when he was dead." And as long as Auden took pains to include half of a two-stanza poem ("Will") he might also have rescued the Sleeping Beauty from the "Prologue," "Moral," "L'Envoi" and "Epilogue" which hem in the body of the poem almost as effectively as the briars and hedges of the legend.

* *A Selection from the Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson,* selected and with an introduction by W. H. Auden. Doubleday. $3.00.

Like Conrad, Tennyson frequently surrounded his narratives with a modern setting, to link up a legendary past with a more mundane present and show the application of his allegories. But it is his modern settings that seem anachronistic; the application never lives up to the implication.

After stripping away, as Auden has, the imitative, the saccharine, the sententious, the inadequately dramatic and the merely foolish, what is left? In the course of defining this Auden gives one of the neatest apologies for the bad writings of good poets I have ever come across:

> In the first place, his genius was lyrical, and the lyric poet is perpetually confronted with the problem of what to do with his time between the few hours when he is

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visited by his muse. If Tennyson, like others before and after him, occupied himself from his fiftieth to his seventieth year with epic and dramatic forms for which he had no talent whatsoever, it would be unjust to attribute this wholly or even mainly to a conceited ambition to rival Milton and Shakespeare; one, by no means the least important factor, was certainly the laudable wish not to be as idle in the second half of his life as he had been in the first. As we know from the lives of other lyric poets, the alternative to writing long, unreadable poems is apt to be the less innocent and not necessarily more fruitful pastime of debauchery.

Two traditions in English literature may also be held accountable: one, that a long poem is necessarily "greater" than a short one; the other, that "epic and dramatic forms" are necessarily "higher" than "lyrical."

It is true that Tennyson lacked ability to project character. His Ulysses, his Tiresias and the unnamed hero of his "monodrama," "Maud," are not *dramatis personae* even to the extent of the characters in Browning's monologues. (Browning too failed when he tried to put his people on a stage; he could only realize them separately.) But Tennyson, much more than Browning, makes his reader identify himself with the person of the poem. If you do not see the character very plainly, you see *from* the character; a subjective device to which several modern poets are indebted.

Tennyson's unique gift was to accomplish almost the opposite of giving "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." The less "objective" he becomes, the better poet he is; until he reaches his own heights in "In Memoriam," one of the most sustained pieces of pure introspection ever to have been written. It gives no picture at all of Hallam, as Tennyson is the first to acknowledge:

> I leave thy praises unexpressed
> In verse that brings myself relief,
> And by the measure of my grief
> I leave thy greatness to be guessed.

But it takes us inside Tennyson to the degree that we too come to feel:

> What find I in the highest place,
> But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
> And on the depths of death there swims
> The reflex of a human face.

I don't think Auden is quite discerning enough in his statement: "the feelings which his gift revealed to Tennyson were almost entirely those of lonely terror and desire for death." Throughout his Introduction Auden is flirting with the dangers of a too glib psychoanalytic approach, although he does warn: "No other poetry is easier, and less illuminating, to psychoanalyze." But although it might make Tennyson out a more romantic figure to have lived so *long* on the brink of the grave, I don't believe he especially desired to die. If his poems, many of them, concerned themselves with the shadowy margins between life and death, I believe he chose such themes deliberately. ("Hundreds of simple little conscious motives enter into life, Dr. Bisch, hundreds of them," says James Thurber.) I think he chose them to express his sense of a continuity in existence. As can be seen in "In Memoriam" this feeling was satisfied by neither the religion nor the science of his time.

Auden quotes a couplet on science, which he regards as significant to the understanding of Tennyson:

> Let Science prove we are, and then
> What matters Science unto men?

This would sound like a pretty thorough-going repudiation. But I think Auden has misread the lines by quoting them out of context.

> I trust I have not wasted breath:
> I think we are not wholly brain,
> Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
> Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death;
> Not only cunning casts in clay:
> Let Science prove we are, and then
> What matters Science unto men,
> At least to me? I would not stay. . . .

There is a fallacy in Tennyson's misgiving, but one "normal" to his period and still prevalent today. Tennyson feared that science might reduce life to *mere* matter ("cunning casts in clay") and deprive man of the "spirit." ("The spirit does but mean the breath," he has Nature say in an earlier section.) In that case what use would science be; what use would truth itself be if the truth were as base as that?

The fallacy is a belief in "matter" as an adequately defined entity at odds with another adequately defined entity, "spirit." The two terms, once convenient ways of thinking about a universe which is only very partially apprehended, have outlived their usefulness. What we are most aware of about them now is their incompatibility. Instead of distrusting them both we tend to side with one or the other. (Hardy was smitten by the same fallacy; being made of sterner stuff, he seized the opposite horn of the dilemma.)

Tennyson was sufficiently acute not to be comfortable with conventional definitions of either. He wanted desperately to resolve them. As mathematicians, in the process of failing to square the circle, discovered more valuable formulae, Tennyson's intellectual failure was productive of some of his best poetry.

Musically Tennyson was not an originator, like Hopkins, but a great developer. He could write 724 quatrains in a simple metre and make us feel that every rhyme, every break in the rhythm was chosen to express his thought. His imagery, generally more traditional and never as condensed as, say, "skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow," nevertheless sometimes has a quality like Hopkins's "inscape." The lines

> . . . when unto dying eyes
> The casement slowly grows a glimmering square

differ from Hopkins chiefly in their direction. It is, again, a subjective direction; a sort of "through-scape." We do not get the sensation of looking into the heart of a dying man, but as if we were looking out from it.

Many of his images too (as well as the trappings with which he encumbered his art) suggest the surrealists.

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The Victorians also had trouble drawing a distinction between the baroque and the overstuffed, as their furniture testifies. Compare the magically and fragilely sustained "Lady of Shalott" with the later expanded version in "Elaine." And "Elaine" is by no means the low-water-mark in Tennyson's genius.

The content of Dali is not unrelated to the stanza Auden quotes of "Will":

> But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
> Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
> And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
> Or seeming-genial venial fault,
> Recurring and suggesting still!
> He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
> Toiling in immeasurable sand,
> And o'er a weary sultry land,
> Far beneath a blazing vault,
> Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
> The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

This collection of the best of Tennyson ought to help refurbish him with our generation by revealing, as it does, his legacy to so many of the best of our modern poets, Eliot and Auden among them.

Editors' Choice

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN. *George and Helen Waite Papashvily. Harper.* $2.00.

BEYOND ALL FRONTS. *Max Jordan. Bruce.* $3.00.

DEMOCRACY UNDER PRESSURE. *Stuart Chase. Twentieth Century Fund.* $1.00.

Good Spirits Unrepressed

WHAT CAN adequately explain the wide divergences in the way the immigrants from the various European countries have taken the United States? The exuberance of some amid the most bewildering surroundings contrasted so sharply with the cowering of others. It would be interesting to know whether that was due primarily to national or individual traits, to the degree of sternness with which they were brought up or the political and agro-industrial conditions from which they sought refuge. In "Anything Can Happen" George Papashvily, whose origin and reputed appearance are similar to Joseph Stalin's, acts anything but cowed or beaten amid the strange, the hostile and the mystifying impacts of America.

His idea of bliss is a gathering of fellow-Georgians and fellow-Russians, and any number of other national strains thrown in, with plenty of Russian food and drink and endless hours for songs, folktales, pranks and laughter. He is a peasant, fatalistic and hardly theistic in his attitude toward death; he is of the earth, earthy. His irrespressible love of fun, his love of people, his refusal to get perturbed give him a quaint charm for this present-day. There is something undeniably engaging about a man who is always looking for a chance to go off somewhere to build an open fire and cook lamb native style for as many guests as he can gather.

Any volume, no matter how slight, which excels for sheer entertainment value could hardly be more welcome than just now. "Anything Can Happen" does just that. Some people may relish its good stories even more than its exuberant flavor. One of the best tells how George rescued himself from destitution in the desert by betting an American who had picked him up that he could put a Nash wheel on his stranded Ford truck and make it run. He did this by melting up an abandoned storage battery and adding enough molten lead to make the hub of the Ford just big enough. It was typical of George that he had the American keeping the brush fire hot so that his scheme would work. It is fun to watch this George do it.

The Rise of Hitler

WHAT RIGHT or what duty has one nation to interfere in the internal affairs of other nations? That is one question which comes immediately to mind on reading Max Jordan's "Beyond All Fronts." For he stresses those moments in the victorious march of Hitlerism in Germany at which the other Powers failed to lend the needed support to the more moderate elements. It is not so much a case of laying the blame for Hitlerism on France, Britain and ourselves even, as of indicating that we all share in that responsibility. Dr. Jordan also emphasizes the resistance which Hitler met in Germany all round and in general is one of those who are completely convinced that Hitler's first victory was over the German people.

But to return to the question which he raises in this highly personal book, World War II indicates not uncertainly that what happens within the borders of any large country or any group of smaller nations is henceforth of tremendous concern not only to the immediate neighbors but to all other peoples the world over. It is hardly necessary to stress the length of American casualty lists. But how can one nation legitimately intervene in the internal affairs of another? Only it would seem in the name of the larger community, some commonwealth of nations. Even then intervention could hardly be unilateral; it would have to be joint action in the interest of the common good.

Yet the form of such intervention is perhaps the less difficult aspect of the problem. What would seem to be insuperable would be to define, limit, or specify what would constitute just cause for such intervention. Some firebrands grasp the reins of power with soft words and gentle assurances; others rattle sabers consistently; others alternate bravura with smooth promises. Hitler himself deceived many by his early apostrophes to peace and limited German ambitions; he succeeded in doing so despite the aggressive program he had outlined in "Mein Kampf" for everyone to see. But in any case a mere conviction as to the evil intentions of a future would-be aggressor would hardly be sufficient grounds for intervention. According to Dr. Jordan all was lost the first moment the nazis got into power in Germany; they might have lost out if their bluff had been called on the re-militarization of the Rhineland, but considering everything that was hardly likely. The case of Hitler seems to indicate that the key task is to prevent future "nazis" from taking over in any country. Once that is done reports from foreign observers operating in that country under international auspices would grow increasingly ineffectual—particularly with the possibilities inherent in new weapons. If the suspected country were as vast as Russia or China or even the United States, the possibility of concealing critical manufactures or the training of certain military élites undetected would be rela-

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tively simple. Mankind all too easily forgets the horrors of its wars, even a war such as this one. And new generations are unwilling to accept the testimony of their elders. Vigilance slackens and the adventurers come.

What is the answer? It is many-sided. There must be effective international institutions in every field, foreign observers representing the international community in all the major countries at the very least. Treaties must be revisable by peaceful means; appropriate courts must be empowered to give the final answer in matters of international dispute. On the other hand there must be a decent minimum of subsistence obtaining in all the nations. For it is the persecuted, the neglected, the destitute, the hopeless, who give ear to the adventurer as a last resort. No legitimate sense of injustice must be permitted to rankle in the hearts of a people. The hatreds engendered by this war will not soon die down, but if human energies can be caught up in the task of reconstruction—and with the Germans with their own willing regeneration through contributing to that reconstruction—there is a chance of preserving peace.

These considerations are inspired by Dr. Jordan's autobiographical narrative, which is invaluable in calling attention to the too easily forgotten Germans of the concentration camps or nazi cemeteries.

Worrying about Pressure

MR. CHASE has now given us the fourth in a "Series of Guide Lines to America's Future." It is called "Democracy under Pressure—Special Interests *vs* the Public Welfare." It is probably the best yet issued in this series. For it does a useful job extremely well. In very simple, straightforward fashion, with his immense gift for stating clearly and understandably rather complex matters, Mr. Chase paints the picture of the pressures which so greatly influence our lives through government. He covers the ground very fully in the 142 pages of his book. He discusses Big Business, Big Labor and Big Agriculture. He talks likewise about the lesser pressure groups. But mostly he is concerned with the large ones.

In order to make clear the very concept of a pressure group, Mr. Chase briefly explains how monopoly comes into being, as a result of the need for security. He puts it bluntly: "Most special interest groups have a formula which tends to freeze the economy. Not only do they want the government to interfere on their behalf, but they want a *high unit price rather than high production.* This leads straight to restriction of output, to scarcity economics, cramps and spasms." What Mr. Chase wants —in common with the rest of us—is an economy of abundance, an expansive economy, an economy which is decently free and not inhumanly frozen.

What is particularly valuable about his treatment of monopoly and of the pressure groups sponsored by monopoly is that he does not limit it to Big Business. Americans badly need to understand that a certain kind of labor union is just as bad in its monopolistic practice as is the sulphur industry—to pick the classic business example. Americans also need to understand that contemporary agriculture is full of monopolistic practices. When, as you sometimes do, you get a combination between labor and business—as was the case in the building trades—you have a particularly vicious set-up. We are all too inclined to think that labor is necessarily anti-monopolistic, that farmers must necessarily be rugged individuals. It simply isn't so.

In so far as Mr. Chase succeeds in conveying to Americans the real nature of monopoly and the real nature of the harm it does in a modern society, his book must be viewed as a magnificent contribution. But unfortunately Mr. Chase himself tends to be a romantic. He falls into the trap of thinking that because some pressure leads to bad results, all pressure is bad—or at least suspect. He talks about democracy's "disciplining itself," with the implication that this process involves steeling itself against pressure, or else nobly refraining from pressure, or else trying to legislate pressure out of existence. The simple fact is that political life—social life—consists in pressure. Pressure is of its very substance. Theoretically the only sort of social activity which is not essentially pressure is religious social life. Yet even here, as we all know, in practice pressure exists. Certainly the same is true of the republic of letters.

Were pressures not to exist in society, society would itself become static and dormant. The real problem is not to suppress pressures—to "buck" them—but rather to keep the means used within certain bounds, i.e., insist upon an ethical code in the use of pressure. This we have reasonably well succeeded in doing. The second problem is to make certain that at the heart of government no pressures are artificially excluded, thus giving undue advantage to those still operating. This we have not succeeded in doing. Partly for historic reasons, pressure by Big Business and Big Agriculture vastly outweighs the pressure exerted by Big Labor. And this remains true despite the existence of that horrid phenomenon, the PAC. If our reader doubts this statement, let him reflect upon a single fact: no one connected with the PAC (with the possible exception of Mr. Wallace) has an ounce more power in Washington today than he had before the elections.

Thus what is badly needed is the strengthening of the pressure which can be applied by those representing very large groups of citizens—family farmers, consumers, members of free and open industrial unions, etc. Indeed this pressure is in the process of being strengthened. Within the last year or so, for example, the Farmers Union has increased its membership from about 80,000 (the figures given in Mr. Chase's book) to over 400,000. The result is that its president, Mr. James Patton, is today really powerful in Congressional circles, whereas he was viewed as of minor consequence even so little as a year ago. For the ideal situation in Washington (and in state capitols as well) would be one in which *all* the interests of *all* the citizens are able to exert pressure in proportion to their importance and social utility. The ideal governmental counterpart is the Congressman or bureaucrat who allows all these pressures to bear upon him, and then reaches his decisions in accordance with a mature and seasoned judgment. Given such a situation, a country may be expected truly to supply the needs of its citizens and protect them against each other. If this is clearly understood, then Mr. Chase's perfectionist alarm ceases to exist. One's indignation is more reasonably channeled against abuses of pressure and improper disproportions in pressure.

We should be grateful to Mr. Chase for having so clearly presented us with a picture of pressure; but we cannot be grateful if his romantic suspicion of pressure leads us to think that pressure is inherently bad, or that we could exist without it. For pressure is life.

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More Books of the Week

This Was My Newport. Maud Howe Elliott. The Mythology Company. $4.

"WHAT IS IT LIKE?" Maud Howe Elliott asked her mother on her return from Tuxedo Park. "White of egg!" she answered. "Long afterward," Maud Howe Elliott tells us, "when I made a visit there, I understood; Tuxedo Park is an artificial place, without the lights and shadows, the *accidentals,* that make life interesting."

Probably there is no one alive today more sensitive to the lights and shadows of Newport than Maud Howe Elliott. The daughter of Samuel Gridley Howe, the American champion of Greek independence, and Julia Ward Howe, the author of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, she was tasting the delights of Bellevue Avenue with her cousin Ward McAllister in the days when Mrs. August Belmont's d'Aumont was the most talked about carriage in America. "When I first developed social consciousness," she recalls, "the tone of Newport was distinctly French. . . . It was before the opening of the Ocean Drive, when the gay world drove in a close rank on Bellevue Avenue between five o'clock and sunset. Never have I seen in Hyde Park nor in the Champs-Elysées a finer display, barouches, landaus, victorias, dog-carts, pony phaetons, four-in-hands, tandems—and sometimes, a spike team of three horses, two abreast, and one in advance. The double line of equipages drove up and down that short stretch of road, passing and repassing each other. The first time you met a friend, you made a ceremonious bow; the second time, you smiled; the third, you looked away."

As one might imagine, Maud Howe Elliott has known everybody. One of her girlhood friends was the icily elegant Pussie Jones, who grew to be Edith Wharton. Among her elder sisters' companions were Henry and William James. "I knew their father better—the elder Henry—my mother's crony," she confesses. "A strongly built man with keen eyes, gray beard, ruddy face, and an ivory-headed cane with which he tapped his way down the flight of stone steps that led to the valley where mother received his visits. The cadence of the waterfall comes back to me with snatches of talk I could not understand concerning their favorite philosophers."

Not that "This Was My Newport" is merely a collection of anecdotes. Part autobiographical, part historical, it charmingly includes chapters on yachting and tennis, on art and architecture, and ends with an account of a fête given for the officers and men of two French warships in 1931. Maud Howe Elliott is never impatient, even with Mr. Astor who said: "A man who has a million dollars is as well off as if he were rich."

WAYNE ANDREWS.

Young'un. Herbert Best. Macmillan. $2.50.

WINTER EVENINGS and such a story as *Young'un* seem made for each other. Mr. Best's novel of frontier days in upstate New York is, to be sure, of no great length; nor in the rounding of its years does it favor winter unduly above the other seasons. To savor its charm, however, a reader should be content to move as slowly as Old Man Post himself, burdened with long-barreled flintlock rifle, powderhorn, and pelts, or as the precious oxen, Peter 'n Paul. The story is pleas-

Just Published . . .

A PREFACE TO NEWMAN'S THEOLOGY

By Rev. Edmond Darvil Benard, M.A., S.T.D.

The Catholic University of America
Washington, D. C.

$2.25

A PREFACE TO NEWMAN'S THEOLOGY is a close study of the great man's Catholic orthodoxy. Was Newman a Modernist or did he have Modernist leanings? If so, he would be an unsafe guide. This question is here discussed with scholarly acumen.

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Those who wish to go beyond a merely sketchy acquaintance with the life and writings of Newman will be grateful for the fourteen pages of bibliography at the close of the volume.

When a man possesses two surpassing qualities, the widespread recognition of one is likely to obscure the merit of the other. Newman is well known as a master of English prose; as an eminent theologian he is less known. This PREFACE TO NEWMAN'S THEOLOGY is calculated to promote the deserved esteem for the great writer in the field of apologetics and theological science.

The author, Dr. Benard, is a teacher at the Catholic University of America.

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antly episodic; its style, both rich in imagery and artfully archaic, salted with provincial idiom. So hurry may mean loss.

"Escape reading as it ought to be," the publisher's description calls the book—a ticketing that could obscure the vigorous reality of *Young'un*. So mightily has Mr. Best enjoyed his people—not only Eldest and Dan'l and Viney Post, but Sim Higgins, Preacher, Gunsmith and Mary, Hepziba and Cicero Ditch, and a dozen more—that he invites escape to life rather than from it. His zest, his humor, his delight in the humanity of the pioneer village play beguilingly over a central situation touched with genuine pathos, Dan'l's stubborn idealization of his father, who "didn't hold with taking help," a perilous dream as Viney, with an old head on young shoulders if ever there was one, alone understands. "Poor Pa. Poor Dan'l too. With his dependence on a Pa who never was and couldn't be. If Dan'l saw Pa now, and saw what he really was, he'd be like a wild grapevine that'd grown up around a dead tree, only to find the tree crumble under him. Dan'l had got to grow to be something stouter than a grapevine, more like an old hickory, and learn a pride in himself, before his pride in Pa could rightly be taken from him. Two bested menfolk in one house, working one farm. It couldn't be let to be." And Young'un keeps it from being.

OLIVE B. WHITE.

A History of the Dominican Liturgy. William R. Bonniwell, O.P. Wagner. $3.50.

THIS IS a careful and scholarly study of a vexing problem. It is outstanding for the calm judgments, the common sense and the diligence of the author in the assembling, digesting, and the evaluation of his sources. Since it is well enough written to make agreeable reading, any person with the slightest interest in liturgy should possess and study it, especially all Catholics who live in Dominican parishes or study in their schools. It will make perfect reading for the refectories of convents, novitiates and houses of retreat. Let us hope that its first consequence will be a strong revival of the liturgy in all Dominican parishes. There is no Western liturgy more beautiful and colorful than that of the Canons regular of the Order of Preachers. More than monks, Canons are formed for solemn liturgy. Now we know that they are more Roman than the Romans themselves in many items.

It is a pleasant surprise to discover the author's frank and honest stand against abortive reforms, against disfiguring of Church calendars by extra-liturgical influences and against interference with as magnificent a rite as his by religious groups with very little sense for the value of the *opus divinum*. Let us hope that Father Bonniwell's well-documented plea for a thorough and truly liturgical reform will awaken more and more priests and lay people to join the growing army of those who fight for new liturgical life. Father Bonniwell has refocused many issues and settled a good half dozen of controversies for good. More books from his pen will greatly help the liturgical cause. This book puts the Dominican shoulder to shoulder with the Benedictine and prepares the ground for a more vigorous and aggressive attitude in the liturgical field—as is exemplified already by the Dominican leadership in France and England. I, for one, had for years lived under the false impression that Dominicans were *per se* sold on a certain dychotomism in their spirituality which hinged it on two poles: Aristotelism and hard intellectualism in their doctrine and a sort of anti-intellectual piety of a certain late medieval and baroque "popular" brand. The liturgy looked like a venerable foreign body in this setup. I must admit, Father Bonniwell thoroughly cured me and showed me why Editions du Cerf in France and Blackfriars and Laxton in England were not liturgical by accident and for completeness's sake, but because they were just good Dominican institutions!

H. A. REINHOLD.

The Inner Forum

Saint Philip, Pray for Us!

THERE is one direction in which the Mystical Body of Christ, in these United States, is suffering atrophy. It is in the lack of conversions among Negroes. They constitute a vast potential membership, but resist union in the Mystical Body because they see the Catholic church as a white man's church.

It is no fault of the Church Universal that this is so. Christ disabused His followers for all time of any notion of exclusiveness, with His parable of the Good Samaritan. The case was further pointed by Saint Philip and the Ethiopian. Saint Paul's solemn charge to the Galatians pounded the matter home. Popes have pleaded for racial equality. Catholic countries, such as Brazil, have proven that even in this, the Gospel can be made to work.

The difficulty is that there is no such thing as a Catholic, simply speaking. The Catholic does not exist in a vacuum. He is an American Catholic or a French Catholic, a Catholic Republican or a Catholic Democrat, a Northern Catholic or a Southern Catholic. Being human, he takes on the color of his environment, and tries to preserve mental peace by keeping his prejudices carefully separated from his religious beliefs.

It is easy to be radical. It is easy to say, "Why don't our bishops come out flatfooted for racial equality, and damn the consequences?" But the dilemma of our bishops is not an easy one. It is true that Saint Paul said, "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; . . . for you are all one in Christ Jesus." But it is equally true that Christ's representative must follow the example of his Master, who did not break the bruised reed nor extinguish the smoking flax. In other words, the bishops' problem would seem to be to inculcate racial equality, without alienating the large number of Catholics who share the prejudices of their community. Even when bulwarked by papal encyclicals, the Church in America required two generations to achieve a publicly-recognized stand for social justice for the laboring man. In the matter of racial justice, we haven't got that much time. It is later than we think.

True, a long-range and well planned program of education is a necessity; a program that will reach down into the classrooms and the catechism classes; a program that will use the Catholic press, pulpit and textbook, to make vital and visual the abstraction of brotherly love. A plan that would include perhaps an organization of and by Catholic laymen similar to the ACTU, crusading for

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racial justice under some such title as the Catholic League for Racial Justice.

But we need a short-range program too. Everyone seems to accept as inevitable further and bloodier race-incidents, yet little is being done to avert the causes. The Negroes in Detroit, for example, aren't asking to marry any white man's sister; they aren't even asking to eat at the white man's table. They're just asking for a place to *live*. Some 65,000 Negroes have moved into Detroit since the war began. They continue to come in at the rate of 1,500 every month. The present restricted areas cannot accommodate them. War workers and their families with incomes of $75.00 a week, are living in shacks, garages and vacant stores in the present Negro ghettoes, because for no amount of money can they rent decent quarters outside the restricted areas. Crime and violence breed in such an atmosphere of congestion and squalor.

It was early in 1943 that the Lanham Act Housing Project known as the Sojourner Truth, was assigned in Detroit to Negro occupancy. White opposition flared to near-riot proportions. Opposition came mainly from the solidly Polish population of the neighborhood, and rightly or wrongly the Negroes felt that the opposition was being led by the nearby pastors. As a consequence, NAACP literature in Detroit, even after almost two years, continues to identify the "Polish Catholics" as one of their principal sources of opposition.

Allowing for minor variations, similar conditions exist in all our large industrial centers in the North. The pressure increases daily, and to say that trouble is brewing is to be tiresomely trite. With the boiling-point so near, a long-range program is not enough. We hardly can wait for the education of the Catholic masses. There is only one short-range program open to us. It would seem that our Catholic leaders, lay and ecclesiastic alike, must publicly go on record for at least the rudiments of racial justice, if the Negro is to cease regarding us as a "white-man's church."

Until Catholic boarding schools accept qualified students regardless of color; until the Catholic workingman is willing that a Negro of equal skill shall work beside him at equal pay; until a Catholic family can view, without horror, a colored family moving in across the street; until we stop expecting our Catholic Negroes to "keep their place" in the Mystical Body of Christ (a place carefully selected by ourselves, not by Christ)—until then, we really have little right to claim membership in the Communion of Saints.

LEO J. TRESE.

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